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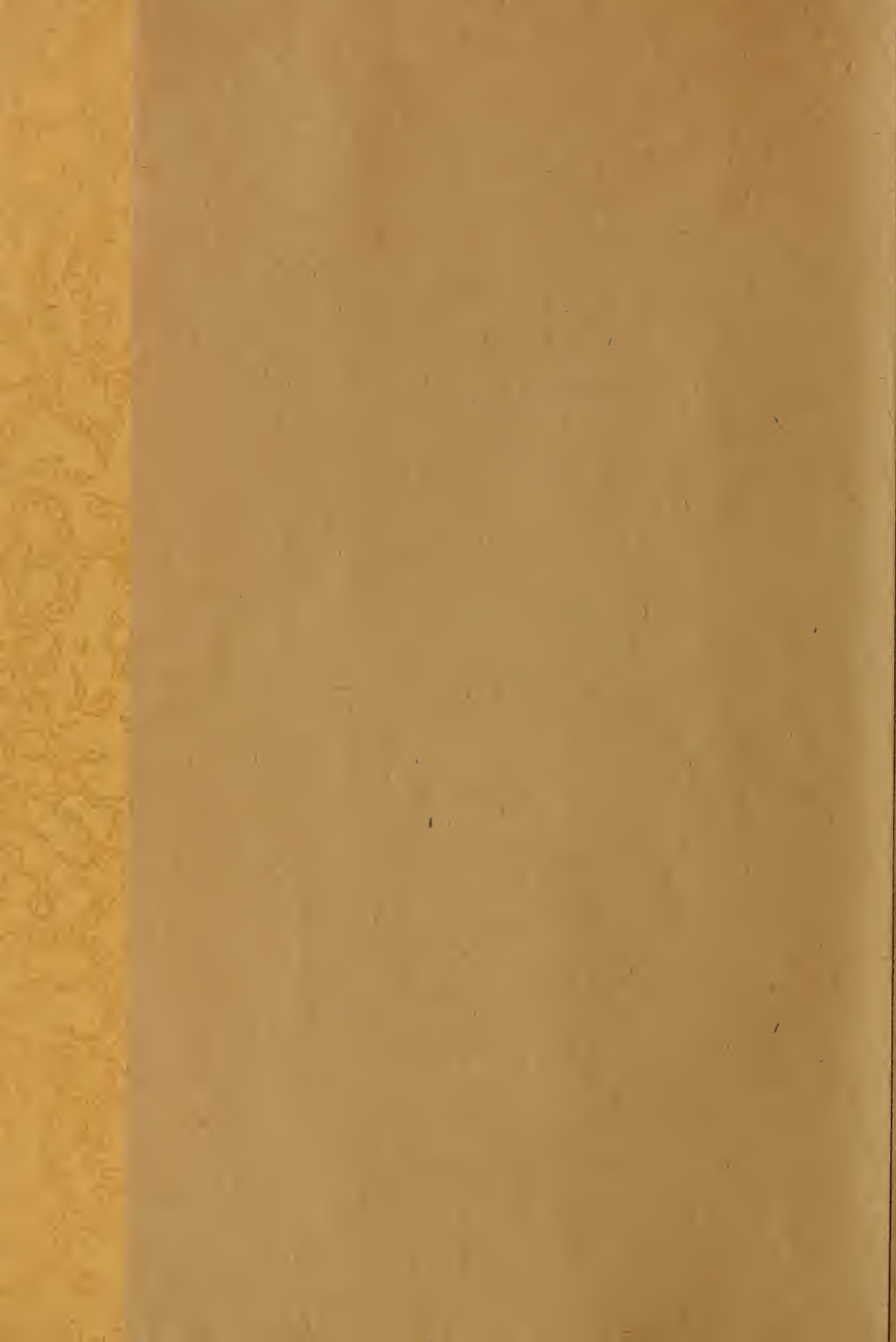
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# N O R M A

A Grand Opera,

IN TWO ACTS.

THE MUSIC BY BELLINI.

AS REPRESENTED AT THE

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, LONDON, AND THE ACADEMY  
OF MUSIC, NEW-YORK.

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NEW YORK:

PUBLISHED AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.



## ARGUMENT.

THE Romans, having effected the subjugation of Gaul, committed the government of the conquered province to Pollio, a Proconsul, who became enamoured of Nornia, daughter of the Arch-Druid (Druidism being at that time the religion of the country), and who, besides the respect awarded her from the consideration of her birth and connections, was regarded by the superstitious multitude as the unerring oracle through whom their grand deity, Irminsul, condescended to convey to his faithful votaries his divine decrees. Norma having been secretly united to Pollio, the Roman Governor, has become the mother of two children, whom she keeps secret from all, excepting Clotilda. Pollio afterwards deserts Norma, and transfers his affections to Adalgisa, a young priestess of the Temple of Irminsul, who permits a similar passion to kindle in her bosom for the faithless Roman, who, after much persuasion, succeeds in gaining her consent to abandon the Temple, and fly with him to Rome. Remorse, however, soon takes possession of her breast, and, in her agony, she resolves to reveal all to Norma, who is already labouring under the influence of slighted love. Pollio makes his appearance at the instant that Adalgisa is relating her story to Norma, whose anger is transformed into the wildest fury, on being informed by Adalgisa that he is the corrupter of her youthful heart, and she bitterly reproaches Pollio for his infidelity and baseness.

The Second Act commences by introducing Norma, with her children, the former still under the influence of rage, and bent on their destruction, which she is on the point of accomplishing, when the full tide of maternal feeling rushes into her heart, and arrests her uplifted arm. She next resolves to destroy herself, and, as a preliminary step, requests Adalgisa to take charge of her children, who, moved by her distress, endeavours to allay her perturbation, and promises to persuade Pollio to return to her. In anticipation of her success, Norma becomes more tranquillised, and indulges hopes of brighter days. The illusion is of short duration. Clotilda soon after informs her that Adalgisa has been unsuccessful, and that the Roman persists in his determination to possess her. Intelligence soon after arrives that a Roman has been discovered in a certain part of the Temple, exclusively appropriated to the use of the Virgins, who, on being introduced, proves to be Pollio. Another scene of recrimination ensues between him and Norma, in which she threatens the life of Adalgisa. Pollio pleads for her, but the other is inexorable, and orders the pile to be prepared, and, on the name of the victim being demanded, she publicly announces herself. All present are struck with horror and amazement, anxious to know the nature of her crime; this she reveals to her father, by informing him that she is a mother! Pollio's first passion rekindles in his breast at this her devotion, and he gladly ascends the pile with her, after she has recommended her children and Clotilda to the care of her father.

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### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

POLLIO, a Roman Proconsul.

FLAVIO, his Friend.

OROVESO, Arch-Druid.

NORMA, a Druidess, Daughter of Oroveso.

ADALGISA, a young Priestess of the Temple of Irminsul.

CLOTILDA, Confidante of Norma.

*The two Children of Pollio & Norma, Druids, Bards, Eubagi, Priestesses, Warriors, and Gallic Soldiers.*

*The Scene is laid in Gaul, in the Sacred Forest of the Druids, and in the Temple of Irminsul.*

F. SCOTT SMITH

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# NORMA.

## ATTO I.

SCENA I.—*Foresta Sacra de' Druidi.*—In mezzo, la Quercia d' Irminsul; al piè della quale vedesi la Pietra Druidica, che serve d' Altare.—Colli in distanza sparsi di Selve.—E' notte: lontani fuochi trapelano dai boschi.

Al suono di Marcia Religiosa disfilano le schiere de' Galli; indi, la Proccessione de' Druidi; per ultimo OROVESO, coi Maggiori Sacerdoti.

Oro.   Ite sul colle, o Druidi!  
       Ite a spiar ne' Cieli;  
       Quando il suo disco argenteo  
       La nuova luna sveli,  
       Ed il primier sorriso  
       Del verginal suo viso.  
       Tre volte annunzi il mistico  
       Bronzo sacerdotale.  
 Dru.   Il sacro vischio a mettere,  
       Norma verrà?  
 Oro.                               Sì, Norma.

## ACT I.

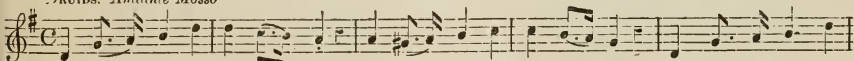
SCENE I.—*Sacred Forest of the Druids.*—In the centre, the Oak of Irminsul; at the foot of which is seen a Druidical Stone, serving as an Altar.—Hills in the distance, partially covered with trees.—It is night: lights are seen among the trees at the back.

A Religious March is heard.—Enter the Gallic Army, followed by a Procession of Druids; and, lastly, the Chief Priests, headed by OROVESO.

Oro.   On to the hills, oh holy band of Druids!  
       On, as your duty is, and watch the Heavens;  
       And when you see on high her silvery disk  
       The new moon (omen of success) unveils,  
       At the first radiant smile that beams from forth  
       Her virgin face, charming the sea and shore,  
       Thrice the glad tidings, spreading all around,  
       Announce upon the sacerdotale bronze.  
 Dru.   Will, then, to cut the sacred mistletoe,  
       The mighty Norma come?  
 Oro.                               Yes, Norma will.

DELL' AURA PROFETICA—OH! WITH THY PROPHETIC POWER. CHORUS. OROVESCO AND DRUIDS.

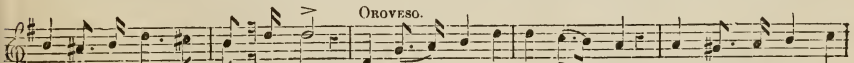
DRUIDS. *Andante Mosso*



Dell' au-ra tua pro-fe-ti-ca, Ter-ri-bil Dio l'in-for-ma; Sensi O Ir-min-sul, le in-  
 Oh! with thy pro-phe-tic pow'r, Fire her heart, a-veng-ing fate; Dread Ir-min-sul, 'tis

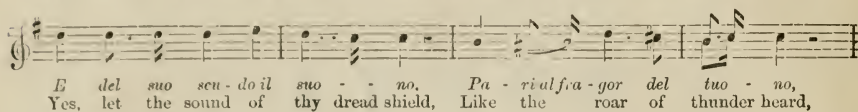
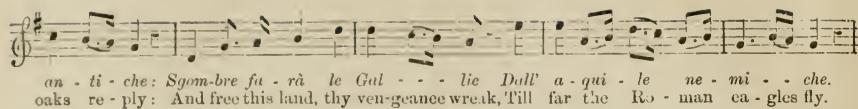


spi-ra, D'o-dio ai Ro-ma-ni e d'i-ra; Sen-si che questa in-fran-ga-no,  
 now the hour, In-spire to Rome e-ter-nal hate; Let re-so-lu-tion be her dow'r,

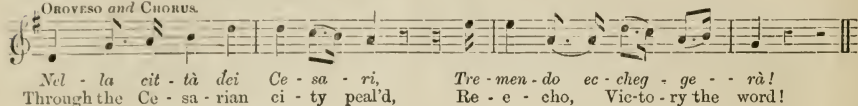


OROVESO.

Pa-ce per noi mor-tal. Sì, par-le-rà ter-ri-bi-le, Da ques-te quer-ce  
 Of dead-ly peace to spurn the weight. Yes, great God, in an-ger speak, From these thy au-cient



OROVESO and CHORUS.



Tutti. Luna, ti affretta a sorgere!  
Norma all' altar verrà.

[*Si allontanano tutti e si sperdono nella Foresta: di quando in quando si odono ancora le loro voci risuonare in lontananza.*]

SCENA II.—POLLIONE e FLAVIO.

*Escono quindi da un lato FLAVIO e POLLIONE guardandoli e ravvolti nelle lor toghe.*

Pol. Svanir le voci.—Dell'orrenda selva  
Libero è il varco.  
Fla. In questa selva è morte.  
Pol. Profferisti un nome  
Che il cor m' agghiaccia.  
Fla. O! che di tu?—l' amante—  
La madre de' tuoi figli!  
Pol. A me non puoi  
Far tu rampogna, ch' io mertar son senta;  
Ma nel mio core è spenta  
La prima fiamma. È un Dio la spense un Dio,  
Nemico al mio riposo. A' piè mi veggo  
L' abisso aperto, e in lui m' avvento io stesso.  
Fla. Altra ameresti tu?  
Pol. Parla sommesso!  
Un' altra!—sì, Adalgisa!  
Tu la vedrai, fior d' innocenza e riso  
Di candore e di amor! Ministra al tempio  
Di questo Iddio di sangue, ella vi appare  
Come raggio di stella in Ciel turbato.  
Fla. Misero amico! e amato  
Sei tu del pari?  
Pol. Io n' ho fiducia.  
Fla. E l' ira  
Non temi tu di Norma?  
Pol. Atroce, orrenda;—  
Me la presenta il mio rimorso estremo.  
Un sogno—  
Fla. Ah! narra.  
Pol. In rammentarlo io tremo!

Meco all' altar di Venere,  
Era Adalgisa in Roma:  
Cinta di bende candide,—  
Sparsa di fior ia chiama.

All. Sweet moon, oh, hasten thy propitious rise!  
Norma will come—she will bless our wishes.

[*The whole disperse, and disappear in the Forest at the back: from time to time their voices are heard in the distance.*]

SCENE II.—POLLIO and FLAVIO.

FLAVIO and POLLIO enter cautiously, enveloped in their togas.

Pol. All is hush'd and still.—In this dread wood  
Our course is free.  
Fla. We seek death in this forest  
So Norma warn'd us.  
Pol. Thou'st pronounced a name  
That thrills my heart.  
Fla. Heavens! what say'st thou?—thy lov'd one—  
The mother of thy children!  
Pol. No reproach  
Can fall from thee that I've not deserv'd;  
But in my hapless bosom burns no longer  
My heart's first flame. A God so wills—a God,  
Foe to my peace, has wrought this falsehood.  
I see the abyss before me, nor would shun it  
What! dost thou love another?  
Fla. Hush! speak softly!  
Pol. Another!—yes, the enchanting Adalgisa!  
Thou shalt see this flower of youth and beauty,  
Innocence and love! A priestess in the temple  
Of these Gauls' blood-stain'd God, she beams  
Like a bright star that cheers the gloomy night.  
Fla. My ill-fated friend! and is thy hapless love  
Returned?  
Pol. I trust so.  
Fla. But the jealous wrath,  
Dost thou not dread, of Norma?  
Pol. Yes, o'erpowering;—  
My deep remorse but too well pictures it.  
A dream—  
Fla. Ah! speak.  
Pol. Its memory shakes my soul!

With me to Venus kneeling,  
In Rome, was Adalgisa:  
White robes her truth revealing,—  
Pure towers her hair's sole treasure.



Udia d' Imene i cantici,  
Vedeo fumar gl' incensi;  
Eran rapiti i sensi—  
Di voluttade e amor.

Quando fra noi terribile,  
Viene a locarsi un' ombra,  
L' ampio mantel Druidico  
Come un vapor l' ingombra  
Cade su l' ara il folgore,  
D' un vel si copre il giorno.  
Muto si spande intorno—  
Un sepolcrale orror.

Più l' adorata vergine  
Io non mi trovo accanto  
N' odo da lunge, un gemito,  
Misto de' figli al pianto,—  
Ed una voce orribile.  
Echeggia in fondo al tempio:  
'Norma così fa scempio  
Di amante traditor!'

[Squilla il Sacro Bronzo.

*Fla.* Odi?—I suoi riti a compiere,  
Norma dal tempio move.

*Voci* [Lontano.]  
Sorta è la luna, o Druidi!  
Ite, profani, altrove.

*Fla.* Vieni!—Fuggiam! sorprendere,  
Scoprire alcun ti può.

*Pol.* Traman congiure i barbari!  
Ma io li preverrò.

The hymns of Hymen hearing,  
We saw the incense burning;  
Rapture both hearts endearing—  
Thus love with love returning.

When straight, while thus devoted,  
Between us rose a shadow,  
In Druid robes, that floated  
Like mists o'er morning meadow.

A thunderbolt the altar  
Struck—day became o'erclouded.  
With fearful doubt I falter—  
Sepulchral awe enshrouded.

My bride, sweet maiden! vanish'd,  
I heard, with senses failing,  
A groan, all hope that banish'd.  
Mix'd with my children's wailing,—  
A voice, my bliss that changes.  
The temple's depths rolls over:  
'Thus Norma well revenges  
The treachery of her lover!'

[The Sacred Bronze is heard sounding.

*Fla.* Hear'st thou that?—Her rites to perform,  
The Norma thou'st forsaken comes.

*Voices.* [Heard in the distance.]  
The moon appears, oh Druids!

Hence, profane ones, from these scenes.  
*Fla.* They come!—Fly! or we may be surpris'd,  
Discover'd; let us, then, away.

*Pol.* Barbarians! they conspire to entrap us,  
But their machinations I will defeat.

ME PROTEGGE—LOVE WILL SHIELD. SOLO. POLLIONE.

*Andante. mf*

Me pro - teg - ge! me di - fen - de Un po - ter mag - gior di lo -  
Love will shield, will pro - tect! yes, a pow'r, Great - er far than they boast, will de -

ro: E il pen - sier di lei che a - do - ro, E l'a - mor, è l'a - mor che m' in - flam -  
fend: The bright thought of my fair, in this hour, With love's flame will pro - tect, will be -

mo! Di quel Dio che a me con ten - de—Quel - la ver - gi - ne ce -  
friend! Of the God who'd ri - val turn—... Turn with me for the mai - den di -

les - te! Ar - de - rò le rie fo - res - te, L'empio al - ta - re, l'empio at -  
vine! The fell wood's haunts un - ho - ly I'll burn, And lay low in the

ta - re abbat - te - rò! L'empio al - ta - re ab - bat - te - rò, l'empio al - ta - re ab - bat - e - rò!  
dust his foul shrine! I'll burn, and lay low in the dust, in the dust, his fou. shrine!

[Partono rapidamente.]

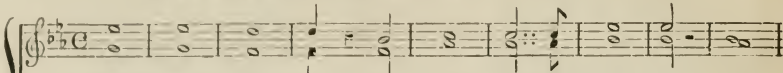
[Exeunt, hastily.]

SCENA III.—*Druidi dal fondo, Sacerdotesse, Guerrieri, Bardi, Eubagi, Sacrificatori.—E' in mezzo, a tutti, OROVESO.*

SCENE III.—*Enter, from the back, Druids, Priestesses, Soldiers, Bards, Sacrificers, &c.—In the centre, at their head, OROVESO.*

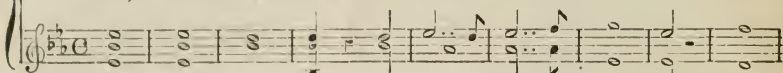
NORMA VIENE—SEE, NORMA COMES. CHORUS.

SOPRANI.

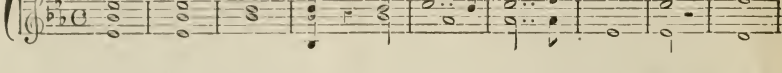
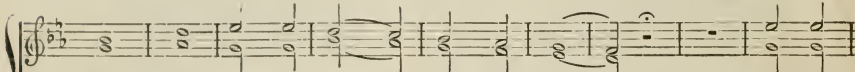


Nor - ma vie - ne! Le cin - ge la chio - ma La  
See, Nor - ma comes! She on her calm brow wears A

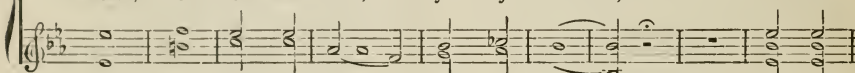
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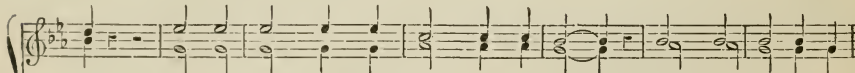
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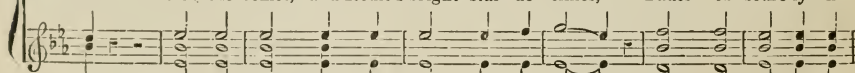
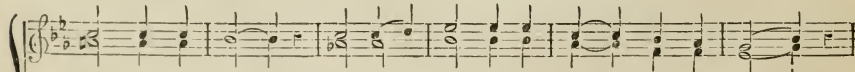
ver - be - na ai mi - ste - ri sa - cra - ta; In sua  
wreath, of ver - vain form'd, with myst - ry crown'd; In her



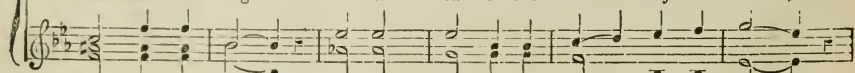

man co - me Lu - na fal - ca - ta, L'au - rea fal - ce dif - fon - de splen -  
right hand, like Lu - na, bears A gold-wrought sic - kle, spread-ing splen-dour

dor. El - la vie - ne! e la stel - la di Ro - ma, Sbi - got - ti - ta si  
round. Lo! she comes, and Rome's bright star de - clines, Fades ob - scure - ly in

co - pre d'un ve - lo. Ir - min - sul cor - re i cam - pi del Cie - lo,  
dark - ness and night. Ir - min - sul in the vault - ed sky now shines,



Qual co - me - ta, fo - rie - ra d'or - ror; Qual co - me - ta, fo -  
Hor - ror! a co - met, men's souls to af - fright; Hor - ror! a co - met, men's

rie - ra d'or - ror, co - me - ta, fo - rie - ra d'or - ror! fo - rie - ra, fo -  
souls to af - fright, men's souls to af - fright; Hor - ror! hor - ror! a co - met, men's

rie - ra d'or - ror, fo - rie - ra, fo - rie - - - ra d'or - ror.  
souls to af - fright, men's souls, men's souls . . . to af - fright.

SCENA IV.—NORMA in mezzo alle sue Ministre:  
ha sciolti i capegli—la fronte circondata di una  
corona di vervena—ed armata la mano di una falce  
d'oro.—Si colloca sulla Pietra Druidica, e volge  
gli occhi d'intorno come ispirata.—Tutti fanno  
silenzio.

Nor. Sediziose voci:  
Voci di guerra avvi chi alzar si attenda?  
Presso all'ara del Dio? v'ha chi presume  
Dettar responsi alla vegente Norma?  
E di Roma affrettar il fato arcano—  
Ei non dipende da poter umano.

Oro. E fino a quando oppressi  
Ne vorrai tu? Contaminate assai  
Non fur le patrie selve e i templi aviti  
Dall'aquile latine. Omai di Brenno!  
Oziosa non può starsi la spada?

Tutti. Si brandisca una volta!  
Nor. E infranta cada!

Infranta, sì! se a'un di voi snudarla  
Anzi tempo pretende: ancor non sono  
Della nostra vendetta i dì maturi—  
Delle Sicambre scuri  
Sono i pili Romani ancor più forti.

Tutti. E che ti annunzia il Dio? Parla, quai sorti!

Nor. Io nei volumi arcani  
Leggo del Cielo, in pagine di morte  
Della superba Roma è scritto il nome:  
Ella un giorno morrà—ma non per voi!  
Morrà pei vizii suoi,

SCENE IV.—Enter NORMA, in the midst of attendant  
Priestesses: her hair streaming wildly over her  
shoulders—her forehead bound by a wreath of the  
mystic vervain—in her hand a golden sickle.—She  
ascends with a solemn air the Druidical Stone, and  
glances around, as one inspired with prophetic power.  
—All maintain a deep silence.

Nor. I hear seditious shouts, and cries for war:  
Why rise they at the altar of our Deity!  
Who at this altar dares presume to dictate  
Dread fate's responses to all-seeing Norma?  
Untimely speeding Rome's appointed doom—  
Her fate depends not upon human agency.

Oro. When will the burdens that oppress us end?  
Devour'd, contaminated, we enough have seen  
Our country's sacred woods and temples  
By Rome's fierce eagles. Sword of Brennus!  
Shalt thou ing'oriously and idly rest!

All. It must again be drawn!  
Nor. Drawn to be broken!  
Yes, broken! should there any here presume  
To draw it forth ere fate's appointed hour:  
The day of retribution yet is distant—  
The dreaded battle-axe of the Sicambri has no  
Yet strength to turn the Roman javelins.

All. What does our Deity reveal of fate?—speak!  
Nor. In the dread pages of the mystic volumes,  
In death-fraught characters inscribed,  
The name of proud imperial Rome I read,  
She'll one day fall—but 'twill not be by you!  
Through her own vices 'tis that she will perish,

Qual consunta morrà! L' ora aspettate—  
L' ora fatal che compia il gran decreto.  
Pace, v' intimo! e il sacro vischio io mieto.

*[Fulchia il Vischio, le Sacerdotesse lo raccolgono in canestri di vimini.—Norma si avvanza, e stende le braccia al Cielo.—La Luna splende in tutta la sua luce.—Tutti si prostano.]*

Consumed to dust! The hour, then, wait—  
The fated hour this great decree foretells.  
Peace, all! I go the sacred boughs to gather.

*[Norma cuts the sacred branches of the Mistletoe, which the Priestesses receive and deposit in their consecrated baskets.—She then advances, upraising her arms on high.—At this moment the Moon breaks forth in full effulgence.—All kneel reverentially.]*

CASTA DIVA—STAINLESS GODDESS. AIR. NORMA.

*Andante.*

Ca - sta Di - va, ca - sta Di - va, che in - ar -  
Stain - less God - dess, stain - less God - dess, whose brilliance

gen - ti Que - ste sa - cre, que - ste sa - cre, que - ste  
beam - ing, O'er these an - cient, o'er these an - cient trees, these

sa - cre an - ti - che pi - ante, A noi vol - gi il bel sem -  
an - cient trees, is stream - ing, Oh, on us, . . . with fa - vour

bian - te; A noi vol - gi, a noi vol - gi il bel sem - bian -  
gleam - ing; Oh, on us, oh, on us with fa - vour gleam -

. . . te, il bel sem - bian - te Sen - za nu - be e sen - za vel!  
. . . ing, Free from clouds, pro - pi - tious, pro - pi - tious shine!

Tempra tu de' cori ardenti!  
Tempra ancor lo zelo andace!  
Spargi in terra quella pace,  
Che regnar tu fai nel Ciel.

*Tutti.* A noi volgi il bel sembiante,  
Senza nube e senza vel!

*Nor.* Fine al rito; e il sacro bosco  
Sia disgombrò dai profani;  
Quando, il Nume irato e fosco,  
Chiegga il sangue dei Romani,  
Dal Druidico delubro  
La mia voce tuonerà.

*Tutti.* Tuoni! e aleun del popol empio  
Non isfugga al giusto scempio!  
E primier da noi percosso  
Il Proconsole cadrà.

*Nor.* Sì, cadrà, punirlo io posso.  
(Ma punirlo il cor non sa.)

Oh! calm thou hearts, too ardent burning!  
Oh! calm thou zeal, all prudence spurning!  
Then, peace on earth again returning,  
Speed on through Heaven with ray divine.

*All.* Oh! on us, with favour gleaming,  
Free from clouds, propitious shine!

*Nor.* The rites are finish'd; and the sacred wood  
Must now be clear'd of all profane intruders;  
When he, the Deity of wrath and gloom,  
Shall decree the ensanguin'd fall of Rome,  
Then, from the Druid's consecrated altar,  
My summoning voice in thundershall be heard.

*All.* Let it be heard! and of the impious race  
Not one shall escape our vengeance!  
Beneath our retributive weapons  
Shall the Proconsul be the first to fall.

*Nor.* Yes, first to fall! I have pow'r to punish him.  
(But how, alas! my weak heart knows not.)



**AH! BELLO, A ME RITORNA.**—AH! DEAR ONE, AS TRUE RETURNING. AIR. NORMA.

*Allegro.*

Ah! bel-lo a me ri-tor-na, Del fi-do a-mor pri-mie-ro; E con-tro il mon-do in-  
 Ah! dear one, as true re-tur-ning, As when with love first burn-ing; Norma, the whole world  
 tie-ro, Di-fe-sa a te sa-rò. Ah! bel-lo a me ri-  
 spurn-ing, Will thy de-fen-der be. Ah! dear one, to me re-  
 tor-na, Del rag-gi-o tuo se-re-no; E vi-ta nel tuo  
 turn-ing, With love se-rene-ly yearn-ing. My breast shall find life's  
 se-no—E pa-tria, e Cie-lo a-vrò, . . . e  
 dawn-ing— . . . Hea-ven, coun-try, all in thee, . . . e  
 Cie-lo a-vrò, all . . . in thee.

*Ura.* Sea lento, sì, sei lento,  
 O giorno di vendetta;  
 Ma irato il Dio t' affretta  
 Che il Tebro condannò.  
 [Norma parte; e tutte in ordine la seguono.]

SCENA V.—Entra ADALGISA.

**Ada.** Sgombra è la sacra selva,—  
 Compiuto il rito. Sospirar non vista  
 Alfin poss'io, qui, dove a me s' offerse  
 La prima volta quel fatal Romano  
 Che mi rende rubella al tempio, al Dio.  
 Fosse l' ultima almen!—Vano desio!  
 Irresistibil forza  
 Quì mi strascina: e di quel caro aspetto  
 Il cor si pascere: e di sua cara voce  
 L' aura che spira mi repete il suono.  
 [Corre a prostrarsi, sulla Pietra d' Irminsul.  
 Deh! proteggimi, o Dio! perduta io sono.]

SCENA VI.—POLLIONE, FLAVIO, e detta.

**Pol.** Eccola! va! mi lascia—  
 Ragion non odo. [Flavio parte.]  
**Ada.** [Veggendolo sbigottita.] O! Pollione!  
**Pol.** Che veggo?—Piangevi tu?  
**Ada.** Pregava. Ah, t' allontana—  
 Pregar mi lascia!  
**Pol.** Un Dio tu preghi atroce,  
 Crudel, avverso al tuo desire e al mio!  
 O, mia diletta! il Dio  
 Che invocar devi è Amor!  
**Ada.** Amor! deh! taci!  
 Ch' io più non t' oda. [Si allontana da lui.]

**Cho.** Lingering and slow-paced,  
 Oh day of vengeance, thou approachest,  
 But the angry God shall haste thee,  
 That the Tiber hath condemned.  
 [Exit Norma; the rest follow in procession.]

SCENE V.—Enter ADALGISA.

**Ada.** The sacred wood is free from all intruders,  
 The rites perform'd. I here may sigh unseen,  
 Within these shades that treacherous gave  
 The first rencontre with that fatal Roman,  
 Who made me false alike to vows and God.  
 Would that time were the last!—Vain desire!  
 A force irresistible  
 Impels me hither: his seductive looks  
 My heart entrance; and of his dear voice  
 The air I breathe loves to repeat the sound.  
 [Prostrates herself at the Altar of Irminsul.  
 Protect thou me, oh God, or I am lost!]

SCENE VI.—POLLIO, FLAVIO, and the same.

**Pol.** 'Tis she! leave me! vain'st remonstrance now—  
 I'm deaf to reason. [Exit Flavio.]  
**Ada.** [Disturbed at the sight of Pollio.] Pollio!  
**Pol.** What see I?—In tears, love?  
**Ada.** I was praying. Leave me, leave me—  
 Leave me to prayer!  
**Pol.** Prayer to a ruthless God,  
 Who frowns on the desires of two fond hearts!  
 Oh, my belov'd, my beautiful! the God  
 Thou should'st invoke, is Love!  
**Ada.** Love! hush! no more!  
 I dare not stay to listen. [Retreating.]



*Pol.* E vuoi fuggirmi? e dove  
Fuggir vuoi tu ch'io non ti segua?  
*Ada.* Ai sacri altari ch'io sposar giurai!  
*Pol.* Gli altari!—e il nostro amor?  
*Ada.* Io l'obbliai!  
*Pol.* Va, crudele—e al Dio spietato,  
Offri in dote il sangue mio—  
Tutto, ah! tutto ei sia versato;  
Ma lasciarti non poss'io.  
Sol promessa al Dio tu fosti—  
Ma il tuo cuore a me si diè.  
Ah! non sai quel che mi costi;  
Perch'io mai rinunzi a te.  
*Ada.* E tu pure, ah! tu non sai!  
Quanto costi a me dolente!  
All'altare che altraggiai,  
Lieta andava ed innocente!  
Il pensiero al Ciel s'ergera;  
Il mio Dio vedeva in Ciel!  
Or per me—spergira e rea—  
Cielo e Dio ricopre un vel.  
*Pol.* Ciel più puro, e Dei migliori,  
T'offro in Roma, ov'io mi reco.  
*Ada.* [Colpita.] Parti forse!  
*Pol.* Ai nuovi albori.  
*Ada.* Parti!—ed io?  
*Pol.* Tu vieni meco.  
De' tuoi riti, è amor più santo:  
A lui cedi, ah! cedi a me!  
*Ada.* [Piu commosso.] Ah! non dirlo!  
*Pol.* Il dirò tanto,  
Che ascoltato io sia da te.

*Pol.* Would'st fly from me?  
Where canst thou fly that I cannot follow?  
*Ada.* Our temple:  
Those sacred altars I to espouse have sworn!  
*Pol.* The altar!—and our love?  
*Ada.* I have forgotten it!  
*Pol.* Go, cruel beauty—go to thy fell Deity,  
And offer up in sacrifice my blood—  
To the last drop!—all, all—let it be shed;  
For leave thee I cannot, whate'er the cost.  
Thou wert but promis'd to thy tyrant God—  
Not so to me: thy heart to me was given.  
Ah! none can tell what I for thee would suffer  
No power shall force me to renounce thy love  
And who can say what I have staked for thee  
What grief thy fatal love has cost me!  
To the sacred altar I have outrag'd,  
Cheerful and innocent of heart I came!  
My every thought I gave to Heaven alone!  
And I in Heaven with joy beheld my God!  
But now I—lost, perjur'd, guilty thing,  
Heaven and my Deity see no longer.  
*Pol.* Heavens far purer, Gods more just,  
To Rome invite thee, whither now I go.  
*Ada.* [Amazed.] Depart, said'st thou?  
*Pol.* Yes, at the dawn of day.  
*Ada.* Depart!—and I?  
*Pol.* Thou must go with me.  
Than thy fell rites, love's are holier far:  
Yield to love! and, yielding, yield to me!  
*Ada.* [Much agitated.] Ah! urge not thus!  
*Pol.* Still shall I urge,  
Until thou, pitying, dost consent.

VIENI IN ROMA—COME TO ROME. DUET. ADALGISA and POLLIO.

POLLIO. *Piu mosso assai.*

*Vieni in Ro-ma, ah! vieni, o cara: Do - v'è a-mor, do-v'è amore, è gioia, è vi - ta, I - neb-*  
Come to Rome with me, my fair - est: Love, and joy, and life, my dear - est, All will

*briam nostr' al - me a gara, — Del con - - ten-to, del con-ten-to a cui ne in - vi - ta. Vo-ce in*  
there trans- port, de - light us, — Bliss, and sweet con - tent, in - vite us. A

*cor par - lar non sen - - ti, Che pro - met - te e - ter - no ben; Ah! da*  
voice must in thy heart be speak - ing, Pro - mis - ing e - ter - nal bliss; Such sweet

*fe - de ai dol - ci ac - cen - ti, Spo - so tuo — spo - so tuo mi stringi al sen! Ciel! co-*  
ac - cents still there seek - ing, Be mine — yield Hea - ven in thy kiss! Heav'n's! the

*si par - lar l'a - scol - to, Sem - pre, o - vunque, al tem - pio i - stes - so. Con que-*  
words I now hear sound - ing, Are our tem - ple's pray'rs con - founding, Those eyes, that

gli occhi, con quel vol - to—Fin sull'a-ra fin sull'a-ra il vag-go im - pres - so. Ei tri-  
face, are ne-ver from me—E'en at the al-tar they beam on me. Heav'ns! the

on - fa del mio piar - to, Del mio duol vit - to - ria ot - tien. Ciel! mi  
words I now hear sound - ing, Do our tem - ple's pray'rs con - found. Those eyes, that

togli al dol-ce in can - to, O l'er - ror, o, l'er ror per - do - na al - men.  
face, are ne - ver from me— Save me from the spell by which I'm bound

Pol. Adalgisa!

Ada. Ah! mi risparmi  
Tua pietà maggior cordoglio!

Pol. Adalgisa! e vuoi lasciarmi?

Ada. Nol poss'io!—Seguir ti voglio!

Pol. Qui, domani, all'ora istessa,  
Verrai tu?

Ada. Ne fo promessa

Pol. Giura!

Ada. Giuro!

Pol. O! mio contento!

Ada. Ti rammenta!  
Ah! mi rammento!

Al mio Dio sarò spergiura,  
Ma fedele a te sarò!

Pol. L'amor tuo mi rassicura,  
E il tuo Dio s'ida saprò.

[Partono.]

SCENA VII.—Abitazione di Norma.

NORMA e CLOTILDE, recano per mano due piccoli Fanciulli.

Nor. Vanne! e li cels entrambi!—oltre l'usato  
Io tremo d'abbracciarli.

Clo. E qual ti turba  
Strano timor, che i figli tuoi rigetti?

Nor. Non so;—diversi affetti  
Strazian quest'alma: amo in un punto ed odio  
I figli miei—soffro in vederli, e soffro  
S'io non li veggo; non provato mai  
Sento ud diletto ed un dolore insieme  
D'esser lor madre.

Clo. E madre sei?

Nor. Nol fossi!

Clo. Qual rio contrasto!

Nor. Immaginar non puossi?  
O, mia Clotilde! richiamato al Tebro,  
È Pollione.

Clo. E teco ei parte?

Nor. Ei tace  
Il suo pensier. O! s'ei fuggir tentasse,  
E qui lasciarmi—se obbliai potesse  
Questi suoi figli!

Clo. E il credi tu?

Nor. Non l'oso!

E troppo tormentoso—  
Troppo orrendo un tal dubbio.  
Alcun s'avanza: va—li cels.

[Norma li abbraccia, Clotilde parte coi Fanciulli.]

Pol. Adalgisa!

Ada. Ah! spare me,  
In pity, from a greater sorrow!

Pol. Adalgisa, canst thou leave me?

Ada. No, I cannot!—I will follow thee.

Pol. Here, then, to-morrow, at this hour,  
Say, wilt thou come?

Ada. Thou hast my promise.

Pol. But swear!

Ada. I swear!

Pol. Oh! height of joy!

Ada. Remember!  
Ah! I shall remember!

To my God shall I be perjurd,  
But I shall be true to thee!

Pol. By thy love I'm cheer'd, urg'd onward,  
Defying thus thy Deity.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.—Norma's Dwelling.

Enter NORMA and CLOTILDE, leading by the hand two young Children.

Nor. Away! conceal them!—an unusual terror  
Thrills me as I embrace them.

Clo. What is't moves thee,  
That thus thou driv'st from thee thy children?

Nor. I cannot tell;—contending feelings rend  
My ill-us'd soul: at once I love and hate  
My hapless children—seeing them, I suffer,  
Yet in their absence suffering,  
I prove alike a pleasure and a pain—  
I feel that I'm their mother.

Clo. Their mother?

Nor. Would I were not!

Clo. Heart-rending conflict!

Nor. Who can picture it?

Oh, my Clotilde! recalled to the Tiber,  
Pollio departs.

Clo. With you?

Nor. He has not said so  
He hides his thoughts. Oh! should he resolve  
To leave me here alone—should he forget  
His helpless children!

Clo. You cannot think he'd act so?

Nor. No, I dare not!

Ah! too tormenting to my faithful heart—  
Too horrible, I feel this doubt.

Some one advances: go—hide them.

[Norma embraces, and Clotilde retires with Children]

## SCENA VIII.—ADALGISA e NORMA.

Nor. Adalgisa!

Ada. [Da lontano.] (Alma, costanza!)

Nor. T' inoltra—o giovinetta—  
T' inoltra—e perchè tremi?  
Udii che grave a me  
Segreto palesar tu voglia.

Ada. È ver!—Ma, deh! ti spoglia  
Della celeste austerità, che splende  
Negli occhi tuoi—dammi coraggio, ond' io  
Senz' alcun velo ti palesi il core.

[Si prostra.—Norma la solleva.]

Nor. Mi abbraccia—e parla: che t' affligge?

Ada. [Dopo un momento d' esitazione.] Amore!  
Non t' irritar!—Lunga stagione pugnai  
Per soffocarlo—ogni mia forza ei vinse!  
Ogni rimorso—Ah! tu non sai pur dianzi  
Qual giuramento io fea!—fuggir dal tempio,—  
Tradir l' altare a cui son io legata,—  
Abbandonar la patria!

Nor. Ahi, sventurata!  
Del tuo primier mattino.  
Già turbato è il sereno; e come e quando  
Naeque tal fiamma in te?

Ada. Da un solo sguardo—

Da un sol sospiro, nella sacra selva,  
A' piè dell' ara ov' io pregava il Dio.  
Tremai, sul labbro mio  
Si arrestò la preghiera; e tutta assorta  
In quel leggiadro aspetto, un altro Cielo  
Mirar credetti!—un altro Cielo in lui!

Nor. (O rimembranza! io fui  
Così rapita al sol mirarlo in volto.)

Ada. Ma non mi ascolti tu?

Nor. Segui—t' ascolto.

Ada. Sola, furtiva, al tempio  
Io l' aspettai sovente!  
Ed ogni dì più fervida  
Crebbe la fiamma ardente.

Nor. (Io stessa, anch' io  
Arsi così—l' incanto suo fu il mio.)

Ada. Vieni! ci dicea, concedi  
Ch' io mi ti prostri ai piedi,  
Lascia che l' aura spiri,  
De' dolci tuoi sospiri!  
Del tuo bel crio le anella  
Dammi poter baciare?

Nor. (O, cari accenti!

Così li profferia—  
Così trovava del mio cor la via.)

Ada. Dolci qual arpa armonica,  
M' eran le sue parole:  
Negli occhi suoi sorridere  
Vedeo più bello un sole.  
Io fui perduta e il sono.  
D' nopo ho del tuo perdono:  
Deh! tu mi reggi e guida,—  
Me rassicura, o sgrida,—  
Salvami da me stessa,—  
Salvami dal mio cor!

Nor. Ah! tergi il pianto:  
Alma non trovi di pietade avara.  
Te ancor non lega eterno nodo all' ara.

## SCENE VIII.—ADALGISA and NORMA.

Nor. Adalgisa!

Ada. [In the distance.] (Soul, be firm!)

Nor. Approach—young virgin, fear not—  
Advance—why tremble?  
I've heard that some grave matter  
To me in secret thou would'st impart.

Ada. 'Tis true!—But, ah! veil awhile  
That heavenly austerity that reigns  
Within thy eyes—inspire, encourage me,  
That, unrestrain'd, I may unfold my heart.

[Adalgisa kneels lowly—Norma raises her.]

Nor. Embrace me—speak: what afflicts thee?

Ada. [After a moment's hesitation.] Love!  
Be not angry!—Long I struggled  
To repress it—but in vain, for it conquer'd!  
All my remorse—Ah! thou little thinkest  
What oath I've sworn!—to fly our temple,—  
Betray the altar unto which I'm bound,—  
Forsake my country!

Nor. Lost, unhappy one!  
Thus, so early in thy life's young morning,  
Thy calm is o'ercast; but when, and how,  
Was born this flame in thee?

Ada. 'Twas with one look—

A single sigh, within our sacred forest,  
As at the altar I implor'd our God.  
Trembling, alas! I felt upon my lips  
The pray'r arrested—die; and, all ab-orb'd,  
In his bright countenance another Heaven!  
I saw,—Ah, how believe!—another Heaven!

Nor. (Sad reminiscence! 'twas thus that I  
Enraptur'd felt when I first beheld him.)

Ada. But thou dost not hear?

Nor. Go on—I listen to thee.

Ada. Alone and secret, in our temple  
I met him oft—remorse and shame!  
Each day more fervent grew my passion,  
Each day increas'd my bosom's flame.

Nor. ('Twas thus, I in my pride  
Was charm'd—sigh'd as she sigh'd.)

Ada. Oh, come! he said, permission grant me  
Lowly to kneel before thy virgin feet,  
Leaving the passing zephyrs to enchant me,  
As sweetly they thy honey'd sighs repeat!  
And thy celestial brow, best bliss!

Nor. Grant me, oh ecstacy of joy! to kiss!  
(Dear accents! remember'd but too well!  
Such words he softly breath'd to me—  
And found to my poor heart the way!)

Ada. Sweet as the notes of the harmonious harp,  
Flow'd the measure of his love-fraught words  
His eyes, his conquest aiding, brightly smil'd,  
More beauteous than the noon-day sun.  
I became lost, such ardent passion breathing  
Befriend me—grant thy gracious pardon!  
Oh! in thy virtue, be my help, my guide,—  
Kindly console me, or as kind reprove,—  
Stretch forth thy hand, and save me,—  
Save me from my heart!

Nor. Ah! dry thy tears!  
Thou find'st in mine a soul not proof to pity.  
Thou'rt not eternally bound to our altar.

AH! SÌ, FA CORE—OH! CHEER THEE. DURT. NORMA and ADALGISA.

NORMA. *Piu animato.*

Ah! sì, fa core! e ab-brac-cia - mi— Per - do - no eti com-pian - go; Dai  
 Oh! cheer thee, weep not! come to my arms—I par-don thee, thy sor-row chase; From  
 vo - ti tuoi ti li - be - ro, I tuoi le - ga - mi io fran - go. Al  
 all thy vows I free thy charms, The bonds that bind thee se - ver. Love  
 ca - ro og-get-to u - ni - ta— Vi - vraife - - li - ce . . . an - cor; Al  
 gent-ly . . . chain-ing, thy dear one em-brace—In joy live, in joy live, . . . e-ver; Love  
 ca - ro og-get . . . to u - ni - ta, Vi - vrai fo - li - ce an - cor, . . . vi -  
 gent - ly chain-ing, thy dear one embrace, In joy live, in joy live . . . e-ver, . . .  
 vra - - i an - cor, vi - vra - - i fe - - lice an -  
 in joy, in joy, in joy, in joy live

ADALGISA.

cor! Ri - pe - ti o Ciel, ri - pe - ti - mi! Sì lu - singh - ieri, ac -  
 e - ver! Re - peat, repeat thou, great Hea - vens! yes, Those ac - cents sweet, and  
 cen - ti; Per te, per te s'ac - que - ta - no, I lun - ghi miei tor -  
 sor - row chase; Through thee, pure calm my hopes will bless, My heart from woe shall  
 men-ti,— Tu ren-di a me la vi - - ta, Se non è col - pa a -  
 se-ver,— Life's ear - ly morning, re-stor'd through thy grace, If pas - sion be guilt - less,  
 mor; Tu ren - dia me la vi - - ta, Se non è col - pa a -  
 e - ver; Life's ear - ly morning re - stor'd thro' thy grace, If pas - sion be guilt - less,  
 mor, non e, Se  
 e - ver, If pas  
 non, non e col - pa a - mor.  
 sion be guilt - less, e - ver.



Nor. Ma di'—l' amato giovane,  
Quale fra noi si nomina?  
Ada. Culla ei non ebbe in Gallia:  
Roma gli è patria—  
Nor. Roma!  
Ed è?—prosegui!

## SCENA IX.—POLLIONE, e detti.

Ada. Il mira!  
Nor. Ei! Pollione!  
Ada. Qual ira?  
Nor. Costui, costui dicesti?  
Ben io compresi?  
Ada. Ah, sì!  
Pol. *[Inoltandosi ad Adalgisa.]*  
Misera te!—che festi?  
Ada. Io!  
Nor. *[A Pollione.]* Tremi tu—per chi?

*[Alcuni momenti di silenzio: Pollione è confuso, Adalgisa tremante, e Norma fermente.]*

O non tremare! o perfido!  
No, non tremar per lei:  
Essa non è colpevole  
Il malfattor tu sei!  
Trema per te—fellone!  
Pei figli tuoi, per me.  
Ada. Che ascolto?—Ah, Pollione!  
Taci! t' arretri?—Ahimè!

*[Si copre il volto colle mani: Norma l' afferra per un braccio, e la costringe a mirar Pollione, egli la segue.]*

Nor. O! di qual sei tu vittima!  
Crudo e funesto inganno!  
Pria che costui conoscere,  
T' era il morir men dannoso.  
Fonte d' eterne lagrime,  
L' empio a te pure asperse;  
D' orribil vel coperse  
L' aurora de' tuoi dì.  
Ada. O! qual traspare orribile  
Dal tuo parlar mistero!  
Trema il mio cor di chiedere—  
Trema d' udire il vero:  
Tutta comprendo, o misera!  
Tutta la mio sventura—  
Essa non ha misura,  
Se m' ingannò così.  
Pol. Norma, de' tuoi rimproveri  
Segno, non farmi adesso.  
Deh! a questa afflitta vergine,  
Sia respirar concesso:  
Copra a quell' alma ingenua—  
Copra nostr' onte un velo.  
Giudichi solo il Cielo  
Qual più di noi falli.  
Nor. Perfido!

Or basti! *[Per allontanarsi.]*

Nor. Fermati!

E a me sottrarti sperì?

Pol. Vieni! *[Afferra Adalgisa.]*

Ada. Mi lascia!—scostati! *[Dividendosi da lui.]*

Tu sei di Norma sposo.

Nor. But tell me—this much-lov'd youth,  
By what name, 'mongst us, is he called?  
Ada. He was not born here in Gaul:  
Rome is his country—  
Nor. Rome!  
His name?—speak!

## SCENE IX.—POLLIO, and the same.

Ada. Behold him!  
Nor. He! Pollio!  
Ada. What means this rage?  
Nor. This man, say'st thou?  
Have I heard rightly?  
Ada. Ah, yes!  
Pol. *[Approaching Adalgisa.]*  
Oh, miserable thou!—what rashness!  
Ada. I!  
Nor. *[To Pollio.]* Thou tremblest—for whom?

*[Some moments of silence: Pollio is confused, Adalgisa trembling, and Norma enraged.]*

Tremble not! perfidious one!  
Tremble not thus with fear for her:  
She's not foresworn and guilty,  
'He criminal, the guilty, is thyself!  
Then tremble for thyself, betrayer!  
For thy hapless children, and at me.  
Ada. What do I hear?—Ah, Pollio!  
Silent! not vindicate thyself?—Alas!

*[She covers her face with her hands.—Norma seizes her by the arm, and compels her to look on Pollio, who anxiously observes her.]*

Nor. Oh! of what treachery art thou the victim!  
Cruel, unhappy, infamous deception!  
Rather than this man thou e'er hadst known,  
To thee death's self had preferable been.  
A bitter fountain of eternal tears,  
This impious one causes to flow:  
With horrid clouds he has o'ershadow'd  
The morning of thy unsuspecting days.  
Ada. Oh! what treachery gleams forth  
Too clearly in thy dark mysterious words!  
My trembling heart no more dares ask—  
Dares not, though yearning, hear the truth:  
I comprehend all my misery,  
All my misfortunes, my o'erwhelming woes—  
They are destined ne'er to end,  
If thus he has deceived me.

Pol. Norma, of thy well-merited reproaches  
Make me not now the object.  
Oh! pitying this afflicted virgin,  
Her hapless sighs, so undeserv'd, respect:  
Let us conceal from her ingenuous soul—  
Let us conceal our shame beneath a veil.  
To the justice only of offended Heaven  
Be left to say which of us has erred.

Nor. Perfidious one!

Enough! enough! *[Turning to go.]*

Hold! hold!

Nor. Thus to escape me dost thou hope?

Pol. Come! *[Seizing Adalgisa.]*

Ada. Oh, leave me!—hence, away!

*[Getting free from Pollio.]*

Begone! thou art the spouse of Norma.



Pol. Qual io mi fossi obbligo:  
 L' amante tuo son io. [Con tutto il fuoco.  
 È mio destino amarti,  
 Destin costei fuggir.

Nor. Ebben! Lo compii—e parti.  
 [Reprimendo il furore.

[A Adalgisa.] Seguilo.  
 Ada. Ah! pria morir!

Nor. [Prorompendo.]  
 Vanne, sì—mi lascia, indegno.  
 Figli obblia, promesse, onore.  
 Maledetto dal mio sdegno  
 Non godrai d' un empio amore:  
 Te sull' onde, te sui venti,  
 Seguiran mie furie ardenti;  
 Mia vendetta, e notte e giorno,  
 Ruggirà d' intorno a te.

Pol. [Disperatamente.]  
 Fremi pure, e angoscia eterna.  
 Pur m' imprechi il tuo furore.  
 Questo amor che mi governa,  
 È di te, di me maggiore  
 Dio non v' ha che mali inventi  
 De' miei mali più cocenti.  
 Maledetto io fui quel giorno  
 Che il destin t' offerse a me.

Ada. [Supplichevole a Norma.]  
 Ah! non fia, non fia ch' io costi  
 Al tuo cor sì rio dolore.  
 Mari e monti sian frapposti  
 Fra me sempre e il traditore.  
 Soffocar saprò i lamenti—  
 Divorar i miei tormenti,  
 Morirò, perchè ritorno  
 Faccia il crudo ai figli e a te.

Coro. [Di dentro.]  
 Norma! all' ara! In suon feroce,  
 D' Irminsul tuonò la voce!

Nor. } [A Pollione.] Suon di morte! — a tes' intima.

Ada. } Fuggi! va! quì pronta ell' e.

Pol. Sì! la spezzo—sì; ma prima  
 Mi cadrà, il tuo nume al piè!

[Squillano i Sacri Bronzi del Tempio.—Norma è chiamata ai riti.—Ella respinge d' un braccio Pollione e gli accenna di uscire.—Pollione si allontana furente.

FINE DELL' ATTO PRIMO.

Pol. What I have been I will forget:  
 Only of thee the lover am I now. [With fire.  
 It is my destiny to love thee,  
 As 'tis my destiny to fly from her.

Nor. Infatuated! Thy with accomplish—go.  
 [Restraining her rage.

[To Adalgisa.] And thou, to, follow.  
 Ada. Ah! rather would I die!

Nor. [In great rage.]  
 Yes, fly—leave me, thou unworthy one!  
 Forget thy children, promises, honour.  
 The curse of my just vengeance on thee,  
 Never shalt thou enjoy thy impious love:  
 On the sounding wave, in the howling wind,  
 Thou following wilt find my ardent fury?  
 My vengeance, night and day unceasingly,  
 Blasting thy peace, shall rage around thee.

Pol. [With desperation.]  
 Still madly rave, and endless agonies  
 Upon me imprecate, in thy wild fury.  
 The mighty love of which I own the empire,  
 Than thee, o'er me possesses greater power.  
 No god in malice torments can invent,  
 Than my own torments more excruciating,  
 A curse fell upon that fatal day  
 When destiny presented thee to me.

Ada. [Supplicating Norma.]  
 Ah! no, it shall not be that thus  
 I thy fond heart should lacerate.  
 May seas and mountains alike divide  
 From me for ever this treacherous lover.  
 I'll stifle all weak lamentations—  
 Hide each torment I may feel,  
 And die without reproach, if he  
 But return to his children and to thee.

Cho. [From within.]  
 Norma! hasten! With fearful sound  
 Irminsul in thunder lifts his voice.

Nor. } [To Pollio.] The sound of death! to thee a

Ada. } warning

Pol. Fly! away! prepar'd it comes!  
 Yes! I defy it—yes; but first  
 I'll o'erthrow thy Deity at thy feet.

[The Sacred Bronze is heard sounding from the Temple.—Norma is summoned to the rites.—With one arm she repulses Pollio, and with the other imperatively points for him to retire, which he does in great anger.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

## ATTO II.

SCENA I.—*Interno dell' Abitazione di Norma.—Da una parte un Letto Romano, coperto di pelle d' Orso. —I Figli di Norma sono addormentati.*

NORMA con una lampa e un pugnale alla mano.—*Siede e posa la lampa sopra una tavola.—E pallida, contristata.*

Nor. Dormono entrambi! non vedran la mano  
Che li percuote;—non pentirti, o core,  
Viver non ponno; quì supplizio, e in Roma  
Obbrobrio avrian (peggior supplizio assai):  
Schiavi d' una matrigna!—Ah no! giannui!  
[Sorge.

Muoiano!—sì. Non posso  
[Fa un passo, e si ferma.

Avvicinarmi—un gel mi prende;  
E in fronte mi solleva il crin.  
I figli uccido! tenero figli—  
In questo sen concetti! [Intenerendosi.  
Da questo sen nutriti—essi, pur dianzi  
Delizia mia!—essi, nel cui sorriso  
Il perdono del Ciel mirar credei—  
Io, io, li svererò! Di che son rei?  
Di Pollione son figli:  
Ecco il delitto. Essi per me son morti—  
Muoia per lui;  
E non sia pena che la sua somigli!  
Feriam!

[S' incammina verso il Letto, alza il pugnale—  
essa dà un grido inorridito, i Figli si sve-  
gliano.

Ah, no! son figli miei!—miei figli!  
[Li abbraccia, e piange.  
Clotilde!

SCENA II.—CLOTILDE e detta.

Nor. Corri! vola!  
Adalgisa a me guida.

Clo. Ella quì presso—  
Solitaria si aggira, e prega e plora.

Nor. Va; si emendi il mio fallo, e poi, sì mora!  
[Clotilde parte

SCENA III.—ADALGISA e NORMA.

Ada. Me chiami, o Norma. Qual ti copre il volto  
Tristo pallor?

Nor. Pallor di morte! Io tutta  
L'onta mia ti rivelo. Una preghiera sola  
Odi, e l'adempì: se pietà pur merta  
Il presente mio duolo, e il duol futuro.

Ada. Tutto, tutto, io prometto.

Nor. Il giura!  
Ada. Il giuro!

Nor. Odi.—Purgar quest' aura  
Contaminata dalla mia presenza,  
Ho risoluto. Nè trar, meco io posso;  
Questi infelici!—a te, gli affido!

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Interior of Norma's Dwelling.—On one side, a Roman Couch, covered with Bear-skins, on which the children of Norma are sleeping.*

Enter NORMA, with a lamp and a dagger in her hand.  
—She seats herself, placing the lamp on a table.—  
She is pale and distracted.

Nor. They sleep—they will not see the hand  
That strikes the blow; repent not, my heart,  
They must die; their fate in Rome would be  
Opprobrium (worse than their suffering here):  
Slaves to a stepmother!—Ah no! never!  
[She rises.

Better they should die!—yes. I cannot  
[Advancing, then drawing back.

Draw nearer—chill seizes me;  
On my brow my hair stands erect.  
Murder my children! my helpless children—  
My own dear offspring! [With tenderness.  
Nurtur'd at this breast—they who once  
Were my delight!—in whose fond smile  
The pardon of Heaven I thought I saw—  
I, I, their murderer! What is their crime?  
They are the children of Pollio:  
That is their crime? To me they're dead—  
For him they die;  
May their sacrifice cause him remorse eternal!  
Now will I strike!

[She advances towards the Couch, and raises her  
her dagger—then utters a fearful scream,  
which awakens the Children.

Ah, no! they are my children!—my children!  
[She embraces them, and weeps  
Clotilde!

SCENE II.—CLOTILDE, and the same.

Nor. Hasten! fly!  
Bring Adalgisa to me.

Clo. She is near—  
Lonely she wanders, praying and in tears.

Nor. Go; I will atone my crime, then die!  
[Exit Clotilde.

SCENE III.—ADALGISA and NORMA.

Ada. Thou call'st me, Norma. What horrid pallor  
O'erspreads thy features?

Nor. That of death! Now all  
My shame will I reveal. One prayer only  
Hear, and my wish fulfil, if thou canst pity  
My present grief, my future woe.

Ada. All, all, I promise thee.

Nor. But swear!  
Ada. I swear!

Nor. Hear me:—To purify and free the air,  
Too long contaminated by my presence,  
Is my resolve. Take them with me I cannot,  
What misery!—to thee, then, I confide them!

*Ada.* A me gli affidi? O, Ciel!  
*Nor.* Nel Romano campo  
 Guidali a lui—che nominar non oso.  
*Ada.* Oh! che mai chiedi?  
*Nor.* Sposo  
 Ti sia men crudo, io gli perdono, e moro.  
*Ada.* Sposo!—Ah! non mai!  
*Nor.* Pei figli suoi l'imploro.

*Ada.* To me confide them? Oh, Heaven!  
*Nor.* To the Roman camp  
 Take them to him—his name I dare not utter.  
*Ada.* Oh! what do'st thou ask of me?  
*Nor.* A husband may he be  
 To thee less faithless; I forgive him, and die.  
*Ada.* A husband!—Ah! never!  
*Nor.* I for his children ask it.

DEH! CON TE LI PRENDI—PRAY! BENEATH THY CARE. AIR. NORMA.

*Allegretto Moderato.*

*Deh! con te, con te, li pren - di, Li so - stie - ni, li di - fen - di! Non ti*  
 Pray! be - neath thy care be - friend them, And from ev - ry ill de - fend them! Not for

*chie - do o - no - ri e fa - sci - A tuoi fi - gli ei fian ser - ba - ti: Pre - go sol che*  
 ho - no - urs I im - plore thee—These thy chil - dren's por - tions store thee: I but ask thou'ld

*i miei non la - sci, Schiavi ab - biet - ti, ab - ban - do - na - ti—Bas - tia te che di - sprez -*  
 not deceive them, Nor to ab - ject slav' - ry leave them—For re - mem - ber that des -

*za - ta, Che tra - di - ta io fui per te! A - - - dal - gi - sa, deh ti*  
 pis'd, be - tray'd. For - sa - ken, I've been for thee! A - - - dal - gi - sa, I im -

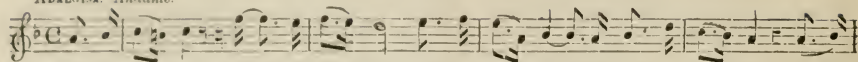
*mo - va, tan - to stra - zio del mio cor; A - - - dal - gi - sa,*  
 plore thee, grant the pray'r of my poor heart; A - - - dal - gi - sa,

*deh . . . ti mo - va, tan - to stra - - - zio del mio cor.*  
 I . . . im - plore thee, Grant the pray'r . . . of . . . my poor heart.

*Ada.* Norma! ah, Norma! ancora amata!  
 Madre ancor sarai per me—  
 Tienti i figli. Non fia mai  
 Ch' io mi tolga a queste arene.  
*Nor.* Tu giurasti.  
*Ada.* Sì, giurai;  
 Ma il tuo bene—il sol tuo bene—  
 Vado al campo, ed all' ingrato.  
 Tutti io reco i tuoi lamenti  
 La pietà che mi hai destato.  
 Parlerà sublimi accenti.  
 Spera,—spera: amor, natura  
 Ridestarsi in lui vedrai,—  
 Del suo cor son io sicura—  
 Norma ancor vi regnerà!  
*Nor.* Ch' io lo preghi? ah! no—giammai!  
 Piu non t'odo—parti, va!

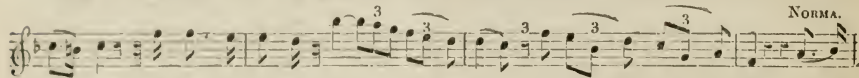
*Ada.* Norma! ah, Norma! still lov'd!  
 A mother shalt thou be to me—  
 Still keep thy children. Never shall it be  
 That I will quit these hallow'd woods,  
*Nor.* But thou hast sworn.  
*Ada.* Yes, I have sworn;  
 To seek thy happiness—restore thy peace—  
 To the camp of the ingrate will I go,  
 And reveal thy sad lamentations.  
 The ardent pity thou in me hast kindled,  
 Shall speak to him in inspiration's accents.  
 Hope all—yes, all: love and nature  
 Awaken'd in him shall again be seen,—  
 His heart to thee I will secure once more—  
 Norma again shall reign triumphant!  
*Nor.* What! I supplicate him? ah! no—never!  
 I can no longer listen—hence, away!

## MIRA, O NORMA—SEE, OH NORMA. DUET. ADALGISA and NORMA.

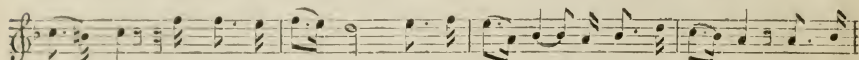
ADALGISA. *Andante.*

Mi-ra, o Nor-ma! ai tuoi gi-noc-chi, Ques-ti ca-ri tuoi par-go-let-ti; Ah! pie-  
See, oh, Nor-ma! low-ly kneel-ing, These thy chil-dren, sweet en-dear-ing; Some

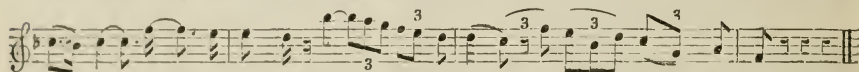
NORMA.



tà-de di lor, ti toc-chi, Se . . . non hai, non hai, di te pie-tà. Ah! per-  
pi-ty have for them, un-car-ing, Though for thy-self, thy-self, thou feel-est none. Ah!



chè, per-chè, la mia cos-lan-za, Vuoi sce-mar . . . con molli af-fet-ti? Più lu-  
why thus, my cou-rage shak-ing, With these words . . . so soft, so ten-der? No more



sin-ghe, ah più spe-ran-za, Prcs-so a-mor-te un cor non . . . ha.  
feel-ing hope can ren-der, Nor more in-spire a dy-ing heart like mine.

Ada. Cedi, deh! cedi!

Nor. Ah! lasciami!

Ada. E già sen pente.

Nor. E tu?

Ada. Lo amai, quest' anima

Sol l' amistade or sente.

Nor. O giovinetta!—E vuoi?

Ada. Renderti i dritti tuoi

O teco, al Cielo e agli uomini,

Giuro celarmi ognor.

Nor. Hai vinto, hai vinto. Abbracciami—

Trovo un' amica ancor.

Ada. Yield, oh yield to my entreaties!

Nor. Loves he not thee? Leave me!

Ada. He is now repentant.

Nor. And thou?

Ada. With love my heart was fir'd,

But friendship now is all I feel.

Nor. Young maiden!—what would'st thou?

Ada. Restore to thee what is justly thine,

Or else with thee from Heaven and man,

I swear, concealed to live for ever.

Nor. I am vanquish'd, conquer'd. Embrace me—

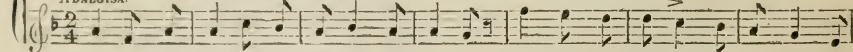
I find a friend is left me yet,

## SI FINO ALL ORE ESTREME.—CALMLY TILL CLOSES. DUET. NORMA and ADALGISA.

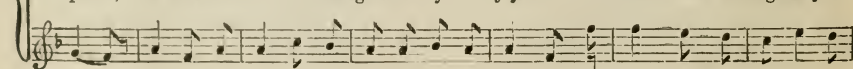
NORMA. *Allegretto.*

Si, fino all' o-re, all' o-re e-stre-me, Com-pa-gna tu-a, com-pa-gna m'a-  
Calm-ly till clos-es life's last fleet-ing moment, Tru-ly to thee a com-pan-ion I'll

ADALGISA.



tra-i; Per ri-co-vrar-ci, per ri-co-vrar-ci in-sie-me— Am-pia e la ter-ra è la  
prove; A-bove us one roof shall give safe-ty's en-joyment—This world's wide e-nough to yield





ter - ra - as - sa - i. shel - ter 'gainst love. Te - co del fa - to all' on - te, To - ge - ther fate op - pos - ing, Fer - ma op - por - rò lu Ris - ing, brav - ing. Te - co del fa - to all' To - ge - ther fate op - pos - ing.

fron - te, Fin - chè il mio core a bat - te - re, Io sen - ta sul tuo cor; sor - row, On thy breast re - pos - ing, Calm my breast will bor - row; on - te, Fer - ma op - per - rò la fron - te, Fin - chè mi bat - te il cor sen - pos - ing. Ris - ing, brav - ing sor - row, On thy breast re - pos - . . . . .

Sen - ta, sul tuo cor, . . . . . Io sen - ta, Io Calm my breast, calm my breast . . . . . will bor - row, My ta, ing. Sul tuo cor, sul cor, . . . . . Io sen - ta, Io Calm my breast will bor - row, My sen - ta sul tuo cor, . . . . . Io sen - ta sul tuo cor, breast will bor - row, will bor - row, My breast, my breast will bor - row, My breast . . . . . will bor - row.

[Partono.]

[Esceunt.]

SCENA IV.—*Luogo solitario presso il Bosco dei Druidi, cinto da burroni e da Caverne.—In fondo un Lago, attraversato da un Ponte di Pietra.*

SCENE IV.—*A solitary spot near the Druids' Wood, surrounded by rocky Caverns.—In the distance is a Lake, over which is a Stone Bridge.*

Guerrieri e Galli.

Enter Warriors and Gauls.

Coro 1. Non parti?

1st Cho. Has he departed?

Coro 2. Finora è al campo—  
Tutto il dice: i ferì carmi,  
Il fragore, il suon del' armi,  
Delle insegne il ventilar..

2nd Cho. He's still in the camp—  
All things bespeak it: the fierce warlike song,  
The clang of arms, that ceaseless sound,  
Their standards still triumphant wave.



*Tutti.* Attendiam: un breve inciampo  
Non ci turbi,—non ci arresti.  
E in silenzio il cor si appresti  
La grand' op'ra a consumar.

SCENA V.—OROVESO e detti,

*Oro.* Guerrieri! a voi venirne  
Credea toriero d'averir migliore:  
Il generoso ardore,  
L'ira che in sen vi bolle,  
Io credea secondar—ma il Dio nol volle.

*Coro.* Come? E le nostre selve  
L'abborrito Proconsole non lascia?—  
Non riede al Tebro?

*Oro.* Ma più temuto, e fero  
Latino condottiero,  
A Pollion succede; e di novelle  
Possenti Legioni,  
Afforza il campo che ne tien prigionieri.

*Coro.* E Norma il sa?—Di pace  
E consiglia ancor?

*Oro.* Invan di Norma  
La mente investigai.  
*Coro.* E che far pensi?

*Oro.* Al futo  
Piegare la fronte;—separarci, e nullo  
Lasciar sospetto del fallito intento.

*Coro.* E finger sempre?

*Oro.* Amara legge il sento!  
Ah! del Tebro al giogo indegno  
Fremo io pure—e all'armi anelo;—  
Ma nemico è sempre il Cielo;—  
Ma consiglio è il simular:  
Divoriamo in cor lo sdegno,  
Tal che Roma estinto il creda:  
Dì verrà, che desto, ci rieda,  
Più tremendo a divampar!

*Coro.* Sì, fingiam, se il finger giovi;  
Ma il furore in sen si covi;—  
Guai per Roma, allor che il segno  
Dia dell'armi il sacro altar!

[Partono.]

SCENA VI.—Tempio d' Irminsul: Ara da un lato.  
NORMA, indi CLOTILDE.

*Nor.* Ei tornerà.—Sì! mia fidanza è posta  
In Adalgisa: ei tornerà pentito—  
Supplichevole, amante! O! a tal pensiero,  
Sparisce il nuvol nero  
Che mi premea la fronte! e il sol m'arride,  
Come del primo amor noi ci felici.

Esce CLOTILDE.

Clotilde!

*Clo.* O, Norma! uopo è d'ardir.  
*Nor.* Che dici?

*Clo.* Lassa!

*Nor.* Favella!

*Clo.* Indarno  
Parlò Adalgisa, e pianse.

*Nor.* Ed io fidarmi  
Di lei dovea? di mano uscirmi, e bella  
Del sacro dolore, presentarsi all'empio?  
Ella tramava!

*All.* Let us be patient: a slight impediment  
Must not disturb us,—nor stop our progress.  
In silence let us our hearts prepare  
The glorious work to consummate.

SCENE V.—Enter OROVESO.

*Oro.* Gallant warriors! I had hop'd  
To be the messenger of better prospects:  
The patriotic zeal, the generous ardour,  
The noble rage which in your bosoms burn,  
I hop'd to second—the God wills differently.

*Cho.* How is it that our consecrated woods  
This abhor'd Proconsul does not leave?—  
Returns not to the Tiber?

*Oro.* A more fierce  
And cruel Roman commander,  
To Pollio succeeds; and myriads of new  
O'erpow'ring Legions, eager to destroy,  
Reinforce the camp to keep us in subjection.

*Cho.* Does Norma know this?—Does she peace  
Still counsel us?

*Oro.* I in vain of Norma  
The mind have sought.

*Cho.* How wilt thou act?

*Oro.* To fate  
Submissive bow;—separate all, and nothing  
Leave to awake suspicion of intentions.

*Cho.* Dissembling ever?

*Oro.* A bitter law I feel it!  
Ah! at the Tiber's yoke dishonourable  
I alike rage—alike for arms I pant;—  
But unfriendly to us still is Heaven!—  
My counsel, then, is, we dissimulate:  
Let's stifle in our hearts our indignation,  
That Rome extinguisht may believe it:  
The day will come, when it shall return,  
More terribly to vanquish and destroy!

*Cho.* Yes, let us feign, if feigning help us;  
But fury in our bosoms still we'll shroud;  
Woe be to Rome, whene'er the fatal signal,  
To arms, sounds from our sacred altar!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—Temple of Irminsul: Altar on one side.  
Enter NORMA, afterwards CLOTILDE.

*Nor.* He will return.—Ah, yes! my faith is firm  
In Adalgisa: he'll return repentant—  
A supplicating lover! At that thought,  
How disappear the clouds that late so darkly  
Oppress'd my brow! the bright sun smiles,  
As in my first lov'd days of happiness.

Enter CLOTILDE.

Clotilde!

*Clo.* Oh, Norma! summon courage.  
*Nor.* Speak?

*Clo.* Alas!

*Nor.* Tell me all

*Clo.* Vainly  
Spoke Adalgisa's tears.

*Nor.* Should I have  
Trusted her? let her, so beautiful  
In sorrow, seek that impious one?  
She has betrayed me!

**Cho.** Ella ritorna al tempio  
Trista, dolente implora  
Di profferir suoi voti.

**Nor.** Ed egli?

**Clo.** Ed egli  
Rapirla giura anco all' altar del Nume!

**Nor.** Troppo il fellon presume;  
Lo previen, mia vendetta, e quì di sangue—  
Sangue Romano—scorreran torrenti!  
[*Si appressa all' ara, e batte tre volte lo scudo d' Irminsul.*]

**Coro.** [Di dentro.] Squilla il bronzo del Dio!

**Clo.** Cielo! che tenti?

**SCENA VII.**—*Accorono, da varie parti, OROVESO, i Druidi, i Bardi, e le Ministre.*—A poco a poco il Tempio si riempie d' armati.—Norma si colloca sull' Altare.

**Oro.** Norma, che fu? Percosso  
Lo scudo d' Irminsul, quali alla terra  
Decreti, intima?

**Nor.** Guerra! strage! sterminio!

**Oro.** E a noi pur dianzi pace  
S' imponea pel tuo labbro?

**Nor.** Ed ira adesso—  
Armi, furore, e morti!  
Il cantico di guerra alzate, o forti—  
Guerra, guerra! Le Galliche selve  
Quante han quercie producon guerrier.  
Qual sui greggi fameliche belve,  
Sui Romani van essi a cader.  
Sangue! sangue! le Galliche scuri  
Fino al tronco bagnate ne son,  
Sovra i flutti del Liguri impuri,  
Ei gorgoglia, con funebre, suon.  
Strage! strage! sterminio, vendetta!  
Già comincia, si compie, si affretta.  
Come biade da falci mietute,  
Son di Roma le schiere cadute;  
Tronchi i vanni, recisi gli artigli,  
Abbattuta ceco l' aquila al suol!  
A mirar il trionfo dei figli,  
Viene il Dio sovra un raggio di sol.

**Oro.** Nè compì il rito, o Norma?

**Nor.** Nè la vittima accenni?

Ella fia pronta.  
Non mai l' altar tremendo  
Di vittime mancò.—Ma quel tumulto?

**SCENA VIII.**—*CLOTILDE, frettolosa, e detti.*

**Clo.** Al nostro tempio insulto  
Fecce un Romano: nella sacra chiostra  
Delle vergini alunne egli fu colto.

**Tutti.** Un Romano?

**Nor.** (Che ascolto?)  
Se mai foss' egli?

**Tutti.** A noi vien tratto!

**Nor.** (E desso.)

**SCENA IX.**—*POLLIONE, fra Soldati e detti.*

**Oro.** E Pollione!

**Nor.** (Son vendicata adesso!)

**Oro.** Sacriligo nemico! e chi ti spinse  
A violar queste temute soglie?—  
A sfidar l' ira d' Irminsul?

**Clo.** She has resought the temple,  
Sorrow-stricken, earnestly imploring  
To offer up her vows.

**Nor.** And he?

**Clo.** And he swears  
To force her e'en from the altar of her God!

**Nor.** Too much, foul traitor, he presumes;  
Forestall'd by my vengeance, seas of blood—  
Of Roman blood—shall flow forth in torrents!  
[*She approaches the Altar, and thrice strikes the shield of Irminsul.*]

**Cho.** [Within.] The sacred shield has sounded!

**Clo.** Heavens! what dar'st thou?

**SCENA VII.**—*Enter hastily, from various sides, OROVESO, Druids, Bards, and officiating Priestesses.*—By little and little the Temple becomes filled with armed Men.—Norma takes her place on the Altar.

**Oro.** Norma, why summon us? That dread sound,  
The shield of Irminsul, what, to this earth  
Decreeing, does it intimate?

**Nor.** War! carnage! extermination!

**Oro.** And yet but lately was peace  
Impos'd by thine own lips?

**Nor.** Wrath now I'd wake—  
Arms, fury, exterminating death!  
Quick, let the song of war rise loudly—  
War to the steel! The Gallic forests  
Shall, numerous as their oaks, produce warriors.  
As on our flocks rush famish'd beasts of prey,  
So we the Romans will o'erpower, destroy.  
Blood! blood! the Gallic battle-axes  
Shall cut them off for ever,  
And the dark waters of the foul Liguri,  
Flowing o'er them, sound their dirge.  
Slaughter! extermination! vengeance!  
Commence, and hasten to complete.  
Like ripen'd corn beneath the sickle  
Shall the Roman forces fall;  
Clipp'd the proud wings, and cut the talons,  
O'erthrown on the earth shall the eagle lie!  
To triumph in his children's triumph,  
Will come our God, radiant as the sun.

**Oro.** Do'st thou not consummate the rite, oh Norma?

**Nor.** Nor yet point out the victim?

The victim is ready.  
Never, did this dread altar  
Its victim lack.—But say, why this tumult?

**SCENA VIII.**—*CLOTILDE, hastily, and the same.*

**Clo.** Our temple has been insulted  
By a Roman: in the sacred cloister  
Of our novice virgin was he surpris'd.

**All.** A Roman?

**Nor.** (What do I hear?)  
Should it be he?

**All.** To us he's dragg'd!

**Nor.** (It is!)

**SCENA IX.**—*Enter POLLIO, conducted by Soldiers*

**Oro.** Pollio!

**Nor.** (This moment avenges me!)

**Oro.** Sacreligious foe! what demon urg'd thee  
To violate our calm secluded shrine?—  
Defy the wrath of Irminsul?

Pol. Ferisci!  
Ma non interrogarmi.  
Nor. *[Svelandosi.]* Io ferir deggio!  
Scostatevi!  
Pol. Chi veggio?—  
Nor. Norma!  
Tutti. Sì, Norma!  
Il sacro ferro impugnà!  
Vendica il tempio e il Dio.  
Nor. *[Prende il Pugnale dalle mani di Orovoso.]*  
Sì, feriamo!—Ah! *[Si arresta.]*  
Tutti. Tu tremi!  
Nor. *(Ah! non poss'io!)*  
Oro. Che fia! perchè t'arresti?  
Nor. *(Poss'io sentir pietà!)*  
Coro. Ferisci!  
Nor. Io deggio  
Interrogarlo, investigar qual sia—  
L'insidiata, o complice ministra—  
Che il profan persuase a fallo estremo.  
Ite per poco.

Oro. }  
Coro. } Che far pensa?  
Pol. *(Io tremo!)*  
*[Orovoso e il Coro si ritirano.—Il Tempio rimane sgombrato.]*

SCENA X.—NORMA e POLLIONE.

Nor. In mia mano alfin tu sei;  
Nim potria spezzar tuoi nodi:  
Io lo posso!  
Pol. Tu!—nol dei.  
Nor. Io lo voglio.  
Pol. Come?  
Nor. M'odi:—  
Pel tuo Dio, pe' figli tuoi,  
Giurar dei, che d'ora in poi,  
Adalgisa fuggirai.  
All'altar non la torrai:  
E la vita ti perdono,  
E non più ti rivedrò.  
Giura!  
Pol. No; sì vil non sono.  
Nor. Giura! giura!  
Pol. Ah! pria morrò.  
Nor. Non sai tu, che il mio furore  
Passa il tuo?  
Pol. Ch'ei piombi attendo.  
Nor. Non sai tu che ai figli in core  
Questo ferro—  
Pol. O, Dio! che intendo?  
Nor. Sì, sovr'essi alzai la punta—  
Vedi, vedi, a che son giunta!  
Non ferii; ma tosto—adesso,  
Consumar poss'io l'eccesso!  
Un'istante, e d'esser madre,  
Mi poss'io dimenticar.  
Pol. Ah, crudele!—In sen del padre  
Il pugnale tu dei vibrar:  
A me il porgi.  
Nor. A te!  
Pol. Che spento  
Cada io solo.  
Nor. Solo! Tutti—  
I Romani—a cento a cento—

Pol. Strike!  
But do not question me.  
Nor. *[Discovering herself.]* The blow be mine!  
Draw back!  
Pol. Whom do I see?—  
Nor. Norma!  
All. Yes, Norma!  
The sacred weapon wield!  
Vindicate at once thy God and temple.  
Nor. *[Taking the Sword from Orovoso's hand.]*  
Yes, let me strike!—Ah! *[She hesitates.]*  
All. Thou tremblest!  
Nor. *(Ah! I cannot!)*  
Oro. What means this? what now stays thee?  
Nor. *(Can I, then, pity feel!)*  
Cho. Strike!  
Nor. I must  
Interrogate, find out who aided him—  
What deceitful priestess prompted  
This most profane one to a crime so dire.  
Withdraw awhile.

Oro. }  
Cho. } What means all this?  
Pol. *(I tremble!)*  
*[Exeunt Orovoso and Chorus.—The Temple is cleared.]*

SCENE X.—NORMA and POLLIO.

Nor. To my hands consign'd at length thou art;  
No one is able now to break thy bonds:  
I only can!  
Pol. Thou! but thou must not.  
Nor. I have the will.  
Pol. How?  
Nor. Hear me:—  
By thy God, and by thy helpless children,  
Swear, that from this hour, for ever  
Thou wilt from Adalgisa fly,  
Nor from our altar bear her off:  
Then I will grant thy forfeit life,  
And never see thee more.  
Swear!  
Pol. Never!—No; so vile I am not.  
Nor. Swear! swear!  
Pol. Ah! sooner will I die.  
Nor. Know'st thou not the fury of my purpose  
Is greater far than thine?  
Pol. Let it descend.  
Nor. And that in thy children's hearts  
This dagger—  
Pol. Oh Gods! what do I hear?  
Nor. Yes, o'er them I've already rais'd its point—  
See, see, to what extreme thou'st driven me!  
I struck not then; but soon—instantly,  
I'll consummate my fearful, wild excess!  
A moment, and that I am a mother,  
I will wash out all memory of.  
Pol. Ah, cruel!—In the bosom of the father  
More justly should it be plung'd:  
To me, then, deal it.  
Nor. To thee!  
Pol. That I  
Alone may perish.  
Nor. Alone! Nay, all—  
The Romans—hundreds upon hundreds—

Fian mietuti, fian distrutti;  
E Adalgisa—

Pol. Ahimè!  
Nor. Infedela

A' suoi voti!  
Pol. Ebben, crudele!  
Nor. Adalgisa fia punita;  
Nelle fiamme perirà.

Pol. Oh, ti prendi la mia vita!  
Ma di lei, di lei pietà!  
Nor. Preghi alfine?—Indegno, è tardi:  
Nel suo cor ti vo' ferire!  
Già mi pascio ne' tuoi sguardi  
Del tuo duol, del sue morire!  
Posso alfine, e voglio farti  
Infelice al par di me!

Pol. Ah! t' appaghi il mio terrore!  
Al tuo piè son io piangente:  
In me sfoga il tuo furore,  
Ma risparmia un' innocente!  
Basti, ah! basti a vendicarti  
Ch' io mi sveni innanzi a te.  
Dammi quel ferro.

Nor. Sorgi:  
Scostati.

Pol. Il ferro! il ferro!  
Nor. Olà! ministri, sacerdoti, accorrete!

SCENA ULTIMA.—Ritornano OROVESO, i Druidi,  
i Bardi, e i Guerrieri.

Nor. Al' ira vostra  
Nuova vittima io svelo: una spergiuira  
Sacerdotessa i sacri voti infranse,  
Tradì la patria, il Dio degli avi offese.

Tutti. O, delitto! O, furor! ne sia palese.  
Nor. Sì, preparate il rogo!  
Pol. O! ancor, ti prego,

Pol. Norma, pietà!  
Tutti. Ne svela il nome?  
Nor. (Io, rea,

L' innocente accusar del fallo mio?)  
Tutti. Parla, chi è dessa?  
Pol. Ah, non lo dir!

Nor. Son io!  
Oro. Tu, Norma?

Nor. Io, stessa! Il rogo ergete.  
Tutti. D' orrore io gelo!

Pol. (Mi manca il cor!)  
Tutti. Tu delinquente!

Pol. Non le credete!  
Nor. Norma non mente.

Oro. O! mio rossor!

Shall fall, in one wide destruction;  
And Adalgisa—

Pol. Ah me, alas!  
Nor. The trait'ress

To our altar's vows!  
Pol. Passionate cruelty!

Nor. Adalgisa shall suffer due punishment;  
In torturing flames unpitied perish.

Pol. Oh, rather take my life!  
But upon her, on her have pity!  
Nor. Base prayers at last?—'tis too late:  
Through her's thy heart I'll strike!  
My pasturage shall be thy guilty soul—  
Shall be thy anguish, her righteous death!  
I can at last, and will, make thee  
As wretched as myself!

Pol. Ah! content thee with my terror!  
At thy feet see me lonely weeping:  
On me expend the fury of thy anger,  
But oh, spare thou the innocent!  
Enough, ah! enough in vindication  
That I fall lifelessly before thee.  
Give me the dagger.

Nor. Arise!  
Begone.

Pol. The dagger! the dagger!  
Nor. Ho! ministers, priests, hither hasten!

SCENE THE LAST.—Re-enter OROVESO, Druids,  
Bards, and Warriors.

Nor. To your righteous wrath  
I a new victim will reveal: a perjurd  
Priestess, who her sacred vows has broken,  
Betray'd her land, her father's God offended.

All. Horrible crime! Oh, fury! make her known.  
Nor. Yes, prepare the pile!

Pol. Again I pray thee,  
Norma, have pity!  
All. Her name?

Nor. (I, the misdoer,  
The innocent accuse, and of my crime?)  
All. Speak, who is she?

Pol. Oh, do not say!  
Nor. 'Tis I!

Oro. Thou, Norma?  
Nor. I, myself! The pile make ready.

All. With horror we are chill'd!  
Pol. (My failing heart!)

All. Thou an offender!  
Pol. Oh, do not believe it!

Nor. Norma hath never lied.  
Oro. Oh! what agony!

QUAL COR TRADISTI—THE HEART THOU'ST SLIGHTED. DUET. NORMA and POLLIO.

Andante. NORMA.

Qual cor tra - di - sti, Qual cor per - de - sti, Quest' ora or - ren - da, Ti ma - ni.

The heart thou' st slight - ed, The heart thou' st blight - ed, Now lost, be - night - ed, This dread hour

fe - - - sti;— Da me fug - gi - re, Ten - ta - sti in - va - no, — Cru - del Ro -

shows . thee;— 'Twere vain to fly me, Neg - lect, de - fy me, — False Ro - man



ma - no, Tu sei con me. Un Nume, un fa - to Di te più  
 aigh me, Thy love I claim. A God, whose pow - er Thou'st felt o'er-  
 for - te, Ci vuole u - ni - ti In vita e in mor - te, Sul ro-go i -  
 tow - er, Rules this dark hour... Comes to op - pose thee, This fate de-  
 stes - so— Che mi di - vo - ra, Sol - ter - ra an - co - ra, Sa - rò con  
 cree - ing— That still our be - ing, In life and death a - like, We share the

POLLIONE.

te. Ah! trop - po tar - di, Tho co - no - sciu - ta, Su - bli - me don - na,  
 same. Too late the plight - ed, In love u - ni - ted, The lost, the slight - ed,

NORMA.

Qual cor, qual cor tra - di - sti, Qual co - re, Qual  
 The heart, the heart thou'st slighted. The heart, The  
 Io l'ho per - du - ta— Col mio ri - mor - so E amor ri - na - to, Più di - spe-  
 I find a - bove me;— Re-morse o'er - tak - ing A heart that's breaking, New love a

cor. . . . . Qual cor.  
 heart. . . . . The heart.  
 ra - to, Fu - rente e - gliè. Moriamo in - sie - me, Ah, sì, mo-  
 wak - ing, I feel for thee. To - ge - ther dy - ing, Life's la - test

Quest' ora or - ren - da.  
 Now lost, be-night-ed.  
 ria - - - mo: L'estremo, ac - cen - to sa - rà ch'io l'a - mo;— Ma tu mo-  
 sigh - - - ing Shall mur-mur, dy - ing, I love, I love but thee;—Then when life's

ren - do, Non m'abbor - ri - re. Pria di mo - ri - re, Per - do - na a me.  
 wan - ing, Breathe no com-plain-ing. At my dis - dain - ing, But par - don me.



Oro. } O, in te ritorna, ci rassicura!

Coro. } Canuto padre te ne scongiura:

Dì che deliri, dì che tu menti,  
Che stolti accenti uscir da te.  
Il Dio severo che qui t' intende  
Se stassi muto, se il tuon sospende,  
Indizio è questo, indizio espresso  
Che tanto eccesso punir non de',

Oro. Norma! deh, Norma! scolpati!  
Taci! ne ascolta appena?

Nor. Cielo e i miei figli!

Pol. *[Scuotendosi con un grido.]* Ahi! miseri!

Nor. *[Volgendosi a Pollione.]* I nostri figli!  
O pena!

Coro. Norma, sei rea?

Nor. *[Disperatamente.]* Sì, rea!  
Oltre ogni umana idea!

Oro. } Empia!

Coro. }  
Nor. Tu m'odi!

Oro. Scostati!

Nor. Deh m'odi!

Oro. O, mio dolor!

Nor. *[Piano ad Orovoso.]* Son madre!

Oro. Madre!

Nor. Acquetati!

Clotilde ha i figli miei:

Tu li raccogli—e ai barbari

L' invola insiem con lei.

Giammai! giammai! Va—lasciami!

Oro. Ah, padre! un prego ancor! *[S' inginoc.]*

Oro. } Oh, to thyself return, and reassure us!

Cho. } The gray hairs of a father supplicate thee:  
Say 'twas delirium, and spoken falsely;  
That senseless words fell idly from thee.  
The God severe, who heard thee,  
Remaining silent, his thunder suspending,  
Indicates clearly, indicates expressly,  
That thus he pardon doth proclaim.

Oro. Norma! oh, Norma! vindicate thyself!  
Silent! what does this portend?

Nor. Heaven and my children!

Pol. *[With great emotion.]* Alas! most miserable!

Nor. *[Turning to Pollio.]* Our hapless children!

Pol. Unutterable anguish!

Cho. Norma, art thou guilty?

Nor. *[With desperation.]* Yes, guilty!  
Beyond all mortal thought!

Oro. } Impious!

Cho. }  
Nor. Oh, hear me!

Oro. Away!

Nor. Hear me a moment!

Oro. Oh, endless sorrow!

Nor. *[In a low voice to Orovoso.]* I am a mother!

Oro. A mother!

Nor. Soft, be calm!

Clotilde has my children:

Do thou receive them—from barbarians

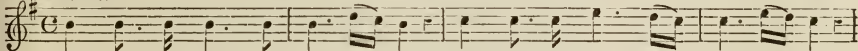
Protect alike both them and her.

Oro. Never! never! Leave me—away!

Nor. Ah, father! one prayer more! *[Kneeling]*

DEH! NON VOLERLI VITTIME—OH! LET THEM NOT BE THE VICTIMS. AIR. NORMA.

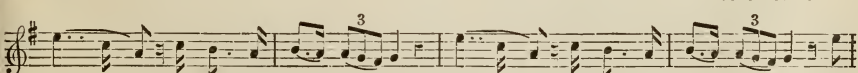
*Moderato.*



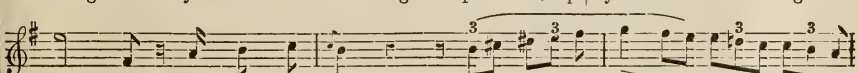
Deh! non vo - ler - li vit - ti - me Del mio fa - ta - le er - ro - - re—  
Oh! let them not be vic - - tims Of this my fa - tal er - - ror—



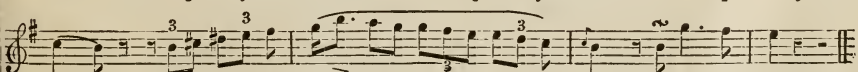
Deh! non tron - car sul fio - - re Quell' in - no - cen - te e - tà.  
Oh! wi - ther not in blos - - som Such fair and in - no - cent flow'rs



Pen - - sa che son tuo san - - gue— Ab - - bi di lor pie - ta - - de! Ah!  
Through them thy blood is flow - - ing— Spare it, pi - ty be - stow - - ing! Ah!



pa - dre! ab - bi di lor, di lor pie - tà, . . ab - bi di  
fa - ther! pi - ty be - stow, pi - ty be - stow, . . pi - ty be -



lor, di lor pie - tà, . . ab - bi di lor, di lor pie - tà.  
stow, pi - ty be - stow, . . Spare thou them, pi - ty be - stow.

Oro. Oppresso è il cor.  
 Nor. Piangi, e perdona!  
 Oro. Ha vinto amore!  
 Nor. Ah! tu perdoni—quel pianto il dice.  
 Pol. } Io più non chiedo—Io son felice.  
 Nor. } Content<sup>o</sup> il rogo, ascenderò.  
 Oro. Ah! consolarmene—mai non potrò.  
 Coro. Piangi, prega, che mai spera?  
 Qui respinta è la preghiera.  
 Le si spogli il crin del serto:  
 Sia coperto, di squalor!  
 [I Druidi coprono d'un Velo nero la Sacerdotessa.  
 Vanne al rogo! Ed il tuo seempio  
 Purghi l'ara, e lavi il tempio.  
 Maledetta all' ultim' ora!  
 Maledetta estinta ancor!  
 Oro. Va, infelice!  
 Nor. [Incaminandosi.] Padre, addio!  
 Pol. Il tuo rogo, o Norma! è il mio.  
 Nor. } Là più puro, là più santo,  
 Pol. } Incomincia eterno amor!  
 Oro. Sgorga alfin—prorompi, o pianto!  
 Sei permesso a un genitor.

Oro. Oppress'd I feel my heart,  
 Nor. Weep, and pardon me!  
 Oro. Thou'st conquer'd, love!  
 Nor. Ah! thou pardon'st me—those tears bespeak it.  
 Pol. } No more I ask—I now am bless'd!  
 Nor. } Contented, we'll the fatal pile ascend.  
 Oro. What can console me—what give me rest?  
 Cho. Tears, prayers, what hope has she aught can  
 befriend?  
 Rejected here shall be her prayers.  
 Tear off the wreath her brow now wears,  
 And shroud it with the hue of death!  
 [The Druids throw a black Veil over Norma.  
 Hence to the pile! May her last breath  
 Pacify our altar, and our temple.  
 Malediction wait her final hour!  
 Malediction after life have power!  
 Oro. Go, unhappy one!  
 Nor. [Going to the pile.] Father, fare-thee-well!  
 Pol. Thy funeral pyre, oh Norma! shall be mine.  
 Nor. } There more pure, more bless'd above,  
 Pol. } Shall commence eternal love!  
 Oro. Gush out at last—break forth, oh tears!  
 Nature permits thee to a suffering father.

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— THE —

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DEAR MR. WEBER: Thanks for the Grand Piano you have sent me. I like it *very much*, and find it *very excellent*. I shall be happy to *recommend* your fine instruments on *every occasion*.

ETELKA GERSTER.

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Monday, Feb. 15, 1875.

MR. WEBER: Dear Sir—I should be happy to see you, if convenient, as on Wednesday I sail for England—recalled suddenly by Mr. Gye—needless to say how regretfully, after so many pleasant evenings in America.

I used your splendid pianos here and about the Provinces, and have been thoroughly satisfied with them.

They deservedly merit the high distinction they have obtained.

With many sincere thanks, believe me,

Yours sincerely,

EMMA ALBANI.

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MY DEAR MR. WEBER: Many thanks, in which my wife joins, for the beautiful Upright Piano you were kind enough to send me to my room during my stay in your city. It has astonished me beyond measure. The fullness of its tone, its thorough musical quality, so even throughout, and the evenness and compactness of its touch, I have never before met. How so small an instrument can contain a perfect orchestra surprises me. The Grand Piano used at the Academy at my concerts only heightens my opinion of your work. I assure you I have never yet seen any pianos which equal yours. My heartiest wishes for your health and success.

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EMMA ABBOTT,  
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NILSSON.

WINDSOR HOTEL, May 5th, 1874.

MR. A. WEBER :

*Dear Sir*—Please accept my best thanks for the *magnificent* Grand Piano that you sent me during my stay in New York. It is hardly necessary to say that it satisfied me in all respects, and I shall take every opportunity to *recommend* and *praise* your instruments to all my friends.

Believe me, dear sir, yours truly,

CHRISTINE NILSSON-ROUZAUD.

KELLOGG.

CLAREHURST, COLD SPRING, June 23d, 1874.

DEAR MR. WEBER :

For the last six years your pianos have been *my choice* for the concert-room and my own house, where one of your splendid Parlor Grands now stands. I have *praised* and *recommended* them to all my friends, and shall continue to do so, for it seems to me your instruments *are becoming better every year*.

Very truly yours,

CLARA LOUISA KELLOGG.

LUCCA.

NEW YORK, Nov. 26th, 1873.

DEAR MR. WEBER :

Let me kindly thank you for the Upright Piano which I used all summer in Kingston, and before that in the city, since my arrival in America. *Your Upright Pianos are extraordinary instruments*. They have an astonishing fullness and wealth of tone which adapts them well to the voice. The action I find charming, and this one surprises me by hardly ever needing the tuner. Your instruments fully deserve the great success which they have attained.

PAULINE LUCCA.

PATTI.

CLARENDON HOTEL, April 3d, 1873.

ALBERT WEBER, ESQ.:

I must thank you for the very excellent instrument which accompanied us through our late concert tour. Exposed to an unusually severe winter and extraordinary changes of temperature, still your piano was ever ready, and caused myself and the troupe continued pleasure. *The durability and extraordinary power of the Weber Piano, allied to such a lovely quality*, astonished us, and will ever prove a theme of wonder to all of us. In the numerous concert tours with which I have been associated I have used the pianos of every celebrated maker, but *give yours the preference over all*. Accept my best wishes.

CARLOTTA PATTI.

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# "WEBER."

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## ITALY'S REPRESENTATIVE MUSICIANS AND CRITICS ON WEBER PIANOS.

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E. FACCIO, Grand Director of the Music and Conductor, "La Scala," to Campanini:

MILAN, September 18, 1879. ✓

MY DEAR CAMPANINI:

I have seen and examined the **Superb Grand Piano** you have just purchased from Weber, New York, which, **for beauty and robustness of tone**, as well as for elegance of design, is truly remarkable, and must be classed among the **foremost pianos of our day**. Present my compliments to Mr. Weber for his admirable work, and you I congratulate on your enviable acquisition.

---

E. FACCIO.

G. LUCCA, the eminent musical critic and publisher to Campanini:

MILAN, September 24, 1878.

ESTEEMED FRIEND CAMPANINI:

I have seen your magnificent Grand Piano from Weber of New York, which you have lately purchased, and congratulate you on the possession of **such a splendid instrument**.

Please tell Mr. Weber I have found his piano **superior even to my high expectations**, and as soon as I have room for one in my house, will be glad to give an order for a similar one.

With kind regards, yours,

---

G. LUCCA.

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FUNDAMENTAL BASIS OF ALL AWARDS.

---

Her Majesty's Opera Company, of London, to WEBER.

NEW YORK, December 28, 1878.

A. WEBER, ESQ.—*Dear Sir*: The following artists of Her Majesty's (Colonel Mapleson's) Opera Company, who have used ONLY YOUR, the Weber, pianos for their private use during their stay in New York City, while tendering their thanks for your kindness, deem it their duty to say that for *Pure and Sympathetic Richness of Tone*, coupled with greatest power and singing quality, they know of no piano which equals yours. Certainly for sustaining the voice already formed, or for the purpose of cultivating it, the Weber Piano is superior to any instrument known to us.

ETELKA GERSTER-GARDINI.

CLAR. CAMPOBELLO-SINICO,

CARMEN PISANI,

ITALO CAMPANINI,

ANTO I. GALASSI,

HENRY PYATT,

G. THIERRY,

EMILIA PARODI,

F. LABLACHE,

F. FRAPOLLI,

FRANK DE RIALD,

MARIE ROZE-MAPLESON,

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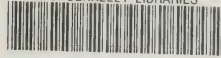
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